

ADDITIONAL ANTICIPATIONS.

(By R. Tesian Wells.)

AN eminent authority on the future is writing in the *Fortnightly Review* a series

of "Anticipations" of progress in general during the twentieth century. He goes deeply into the subject, but he appears to overlook the social and unscientific aspect of it. The present writer, at the risk of being bored, has gone even deeper.

Although he has the same name, he has no connection with the other WELLs. That gentleman is contented with digging near the surface. The present writer, enlisting the aid of science, pierces far lower, and causes the springs of knowledge to gush forth from the hidden rocks. Enough, however, of these personal matters.

Anyone can see that everyone, even at the present day, is too busy with work or amusement to devote much time to reading the newspapers. The most modern journals, therefore, use the shortest sentences. From this one may safely conclude that all the newspapers of the latter half of this century will be written in the style introduced by the telegraph, which is far indeed from the one introduced

by the *Telegraph*. It is intended to give, in these "Additional Anticipations," some extracts from a journal of that period, called probably the *Morning Motor* or the *Afternoon Aérostat*. We begin with the Parliamentary Intelligence, as it is called now.

Lords.—Since abolition Royal Speech, session opened unceremoniously yester-

day 4. Postmaster-General only Minister in Lords moved adjournment till next year. One other peer present. Agreed without division. House rose 4.5.

Commons.—Commencement business,

ally left behind asleep front bench. Said Questions perhaps reasonable, but should be addressed Ministers Navy and War, both absent taking much-needed holiday Lake Tanganyika. Entire Opposition rose, demanding fuller answer. Motor Minister lamented Party spirit causing needless annoyance over-worked Ministers. House apparently expected energy resembling that of untiring Ministers about 1901. Said Prime Minister might be able answer Questions but absent tobogganing Andes. Must really request postponement Questions moving a adjournment. Leader Opposition asked date re-assembling. Motor Minister roused up said no time for sittings House. Not worth meeting before Boatrace Bank Holiday. After that Grand National, Easter, two Football Bank Holidays, Whitsuntide, Derby Day, Ascot, Cricket Matches, Henley, Goodwood. Proposed adjournment till August 10 and prorogation August 11. Entire Opposition protested. Closed. Member shouted "When will the telephones be finished?" Ejected. Motor Minister said Question should be addressed Postmaster - General another place next year. Fell asleep again. Leader Op-



'TWO'S COMPANY,' &c.

Jack Tar (to Fritz). "I SAY, MATE, LOOKS AS IF THAT THERE MISS MOROCCO HAD TAKEN UP AGAIN WITH THE FRENCHMAN, DON'T IT!"

Fritz (German Soldier). "I THINK, MY FRIEND, WE ALSO HERE NOT WANTED ARE."

"It is announced that the incident which had arisen between France and Morocco has been already settled in principle." —*Daily Paper.*]

Leader House proposed adjournment Easter recess: 637 Members rose asking Questions—all ruled out of order. Member Melbourne demanded urgency ask intentions Government Australian submarine fleet. Member Ottawa supported requiring information Canadian army especially aérostatic artillery. All Ministers gone except Minister of Motors, accident-

position demanded know policy Government. Impossible work so hard. Boatrace in about ten days. House must really adjourn. Then took up mace and walked out. House adjourned accordingly. H. D. B.

Q. WHAT is the most eccentric sight in the cricket-field?
A. Square leg.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

III.

MADAM, you must not count me cold of heart
Nor deaf to beauty's homage frankly paid,
If with an equal frankness I decline
That proffer of the soul's surrendered pride
Which is a credit to your natural taste
And shows you gifted with a fine contempt
For maiden modesty. It cannot be.
Yet I am mortal (in a way) and wear
No certain armour, any more than you,
Against the stab of beauty, save alone
My solemn sense of service owed to Art.
But were I once to give my pity play,
Once to allow my ruthless front to melt,
I dare not think what issues might evolve
From such a precedent.

Believe me, Madam,
Your ease is not by any means unique.
Unnumbered missives, much the same as yours,
Breathing insidious scents of Araby,
Perfume my dressing-room. The nightly door,
Whence I debouch on my attendant brougham,
Reveals a wistful ambush on the watch.
To see the Artist, so to speak, unveiled,
Human and palpable as other men,
Yet more disquietingly beautiful;
To stand a moment in the mystic flame
That is my envelope, and there imbibe
The benison of air that I have breathed.

Nay, if I told you of the provinces
What I have suffered where my advent is
Like angels' visits, relatively rare,
And time admits no devious processes
But by his fringe must needs be rudely gripped—
It would surprise you. I have been pursued
By swift admirers, not to be denied,
Right into my hotel, and stood at bay,
A hunted thing, until the telephone
Summoned the brave police and they arrived,
And drew a compass round my chaste retreat.

I mention this to salve your stricken pride
By solace drawn from numbers; you will see
That, as I said, your ease is not unique.
For me, though not precisely celibate,
I still must hold myself in high reserve.
I live for Art: my soul is not my own
To give at pleasure; it is consecrated
To nobler uses. That, again, is why
I never boast about those private charms
Of person and deportment which provoke
Feminine flattery, but seem to me
To win their only worth from being placed
At Art's disposal unreservedly,
With all emoluments attached thereto.
Sworn servitor of One, and One alone,
At Her tremendous feet I lay my gifts,
Content to be the minister who takes
Vicariously the homage meant for Her;
To be the happy medium by which
As through a filter, drained of vulgar dross,
The general worship percolates Her way.

An illustration. There was once a temple
Sacred to Phœbus. It contained a priest,
Himself a fair Apollo, lusty-limbed,
And, like the god's own laurels, evergreen;

A constant source of desperate concern
To fluttered ladies in the holy haunts.
Think you he took the lightest cognisance
Of carnal adoration? Not at all.
His eyes were on the altar, unaware;
Or, if he guessed what passions he inspired,
He feigned a child-like innocence, and said
"Apollo's be the praise!" and passed it on.
So I, who humbly tend the shrine of Art,
Not curious how my earthly charms may work
Havoc in heads susceptible as yours—
I give the glory where the thing is due,
And serve my ministry, and have my soul
Single in Her employ Whose priest I am.

O. S.

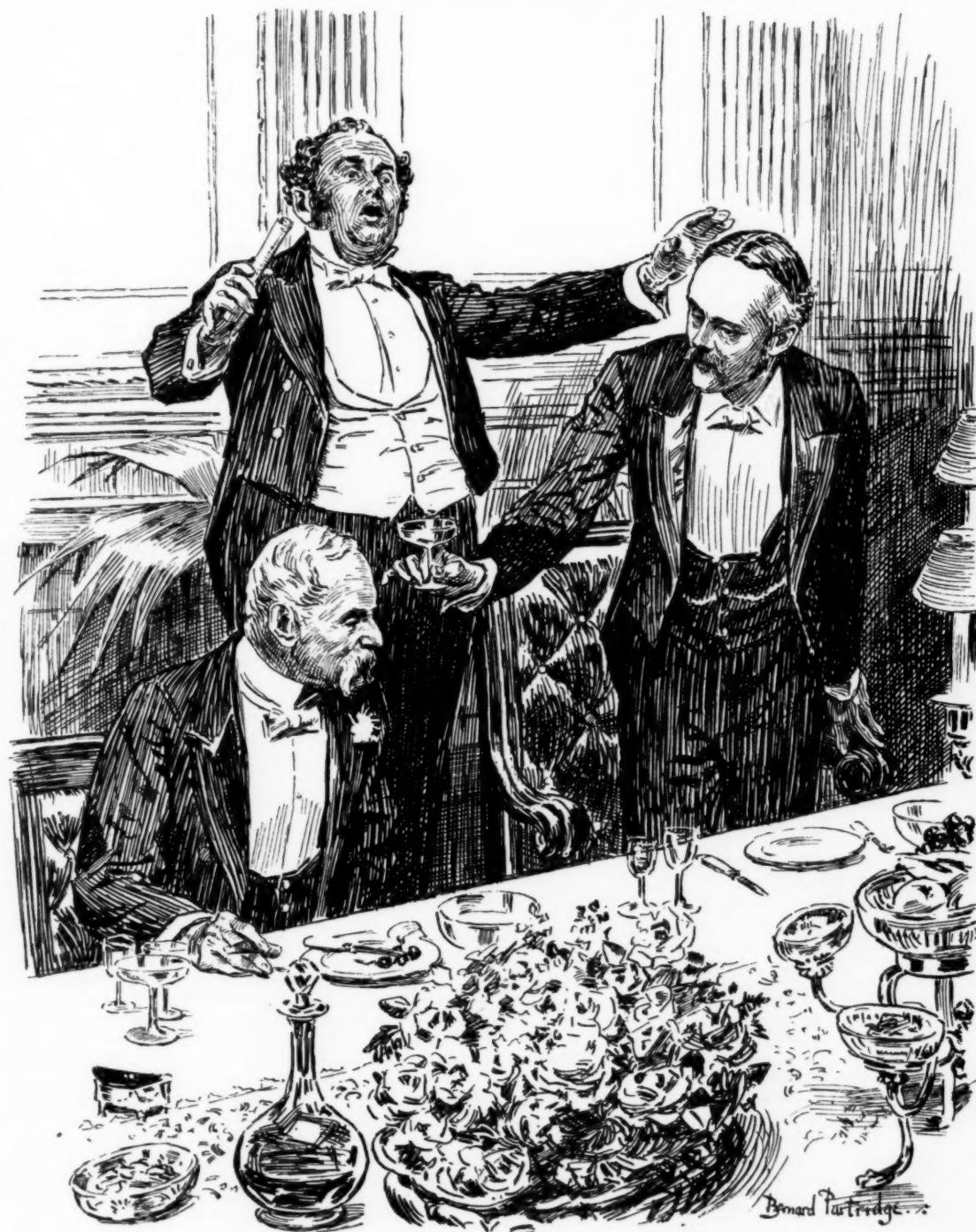
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Penelope (Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGINS), sighing for fresh kingdoms to conquer, having flitted over England, and sped through Scotland, has alighted on Ireland. *Penelope's Irish Experiences* (GAY AND BIRD), is not the least delightful of the trio of books. In some respects it is the best, since the characteristics of the Irish people appeal more strongly to her sympathies, her poetic temperament, and her keen sense of humour. She does not shirk the gay shiftlessness of the people, their indifference to cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, and other commonplaces, observance of which adds to the comfort of the more stolid Saxon. But, as she writes, "The Irish peasants would puzzle you, perplex you, disappoint you, with their inconsistencies; keep from liking them if you can." *Penelope*, susceptible to the influence of her surroundings, scorns anything like system. Wandering about the Island in occasionally bewildering fashion, she comes on charming bits of nature and meets delightful natives, male and female. *More Hibernico*, the most original character in the book is the strange girl from Salem, U.S.A., who comes accidentally on the scene and figures in many of its brightest episodes. Through the pages runs a pretty love-story, ending happily as it should. *Penelope* herself is in love with her husband, Himself, as she terms him, filling the provoking part which the Man of Wrath does with Elizabeth in her German Garden. To crusty bachelors like my Baronite it is quite boring to have charming women perpetually flinging themselves at the feet of their absent husbands—a way of putting it which shows how infectious is the *more Hibernico* alluded to.

The Good Red Earth, EDEN PHILLPOTTS' latest contribution to ARROWSMITH'S three-and-sixpenny series of novels, is an excellent piece of workmanship. My Baronite has seen many a worse plot attenuated through a volume twice its bulk. The story is set in the background of Devonshire. It is fragrant with the perfume of appleblossom; later, as the months roll by, deepening into the rich, sweet smell of newly-made cider. The people who till and own the good red earth are all alive, of true Devon type, from the peasant at the plough to the landlord in his ancient hall. *Mr. Newte*, the travelling pedlar—"Johnny Fortnight" on week-days, a vessel of the Lord on Sundays—pouring forth oil and balm into the spiritual wounds of sinners gathered in the Gospel Nest, is an exceedingly interesting person. Round him with his unctuous ways is ravelled a tale that will be found well worth reading.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.—By a Dramatist of acknowledged reputation, some new and original situations for a play on which he is at present engaged. N.B.—Cupboards, screens, curtains, and several doors barred. Anyone providing him with one first-rate and absolutely novel situation, whether tragic or comic is immaterial, will be dealt with by the Advertiser on the most liberal terms.—Address, DRIDUP, care of PLAYDOUT, Rackbrayn.



SO SAY ALL OF US!"

John Bull (Toast-master). MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, PRAY CHARGE YOUR GLASSES. BUMPERS! THE TOAST IS
"SIR JOHN TENNIEL!"



VISITORS IN OUR VILLAGE.

II.—LADY BATHWICK.

We are not very familiar with persons of title in Puddleton, so that we were impressed more than we cared to show when a real live Countess came for a few days' visit to the Rectory. On the morning after her arrival I looked in at the Post-Office—which is also the linen-draper's, grocery, and bootshop—and found some of our leading inhabitants discussing the ways of the aristocracy. Mr. DUGGAN, the proprietor, was in his shirt sleeves, sorting out his stock and re-arranging his window, in the vague hope of attracting a titled customer, while the blacksmith, who holds extreme Radical views, plied him with withering sarcasm.

"Tis a great day for Puddleton!" he said. "Look at Mr. DUGGAN now, a-soortin' out his sand from the sugar! Oh, a Lunnon lady must have her vittles quite different from the likes of us. And a Countess, too! Why, we must kneel down when we see her comin', surelie!"

"Fust time as you've been on your knees then this many a day," said the parish clerk. "An' some of us do be pleased to be respectful-like to them as is set over us, same as passon said o' Sunday."

"Set over us!" echoed the blacksmith with huge scorn. "An' who's set this Lady BATHWICK over me? Tell her to her face, I would, so soon as look at her."

"Hush, hush!" cried Mr. DUGGAN, hastily plunging into his coat, "here's her ladyship comin' down the road with the Rector's wife!"

And as he spoke we saw them; the stranger in a dress that filled us with amazement, and set MR. DUGGAN calculating its price per yard. She wore *pince-nez*, and looked about the village street as she walked with an expression much like that of a visitor at the Zoo. Presently, she and her guide reached the Post-Office—and, after a moment's pause, they entered! Lady BATHWICK carefully held up her skirt, and glanced round her. MR. DUGGAN hustled up with his best professional manner, a note-book in one hand, a newly-sharpened pencil in the other. There was a moment of tense silence. Then Lady BATHWICK spoke in a deep bass voice. “*You keep cheese?*” she demanded solemnly.

It was, the rest of us felt, not at all the kind of thing you would expect a Countess to ask for. Mr. DUGGAN, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Cheese, my lady? Certainly; excellent cheese, Gloucester, Dutch—"

" You keep bacon and boots ? " pursued Lady BATHWICK.

"First quality bacon," replied Mr. DUGGAN (looking, despite his efforts, a little surprised), "and boots also—



"OH, YOU CRUEL BOY, TO TAKE THOSE EGGS OUT OF THE NEST! THINK OF THE POOR MOTHER BIRD WHEN SHE COMES ——" "THE MOTHER BIRD'S DEAD, MISS."

though not exactly the style which—but, perhaps your ladyship requires them for a servant?"

of it! All these things are kept jumbled up together in this poky little shop! I do trust that you get down all your groceries

" You sell calico, and raisins, and butter, and paraffin ? " her ladyship went on, pointing as she spoke to each of these articles with her parasol.

"Certainly, my lady," said Mr. DUGGAN, joyfully realising at length that these aristocrats do their shopping on an extensive scale, "butter, and raisins, and—paraffin, I think your ladyship said? If you will permit me to write down these orders first —"

"LOUISA," interrupted Lady BATHWICK, turning to the Rector's wife, "just think

of it ! All these things are kept jumbled up together in this poky little shop ! I do trust that you get down all your groceries from the Stores. You can give me, please, a shilling's-worth of penny stamps."

* * * * *
At the last election our Tory member had a much-reduced majority. The local newspaper attributed this to "the growing reaction against Jingooism." As a matter of fact, it was due solely to the energetic support given by Mr. DUGGAN (hitherto a member of the Primrose League) to the Radical candidate, who included the Abolition of the House of Lords in his programme. A. C. D.



YET ANOTHER!

WHAT makes the window-curtain
sad?
Because it cannot help the fallen
blind.



OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 3.—More of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Naturally, everything going better. Decidedly Herr Professor STANFORD has made a hit. Reverse of a cricketer, the Professor "scored" first and made a hit afterwards.

Tuesday.—"Not there, not there, my child."

Wednesday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Acting-Deputy Deponent maketh oath and sayeth that this was about as good as any warbling Wagnerite could wish. Frau GADSKI as *Eva*, and M. VAN ROY perfect as *Hans Sachs*. Being both perfect, the praise must be apportioned in the well-known formula, "*Sachs* to one and half-a-dozen to the other." Herr KNOTE kept up the good old sporting tradition of a Derby Night at the Opera by becoming a little hoarse (*petit cheval*) in the third act. Perhaps not up to so much weight. However, as he was not placed *hoarse de combat* he contrived to be well up at the finish. Mr. BISPHAM brought out all the Wagnerian waggishness of *Beckmesser*. Altogether, a brighter and quicker performance than heretofore, due probably to Herr LONSE having judiciously withdrawn a considerable number of Wagnerian notes from circulation.

Thursday, June 6.—PUCCINI's *La Bohème* in Italian, which doesn't seem to suit it so well as the light and musical-air French. Charming opera! So delightful to see the four poverty-stricken Brothers of the Brush living all together in an attie capable of accommodating a party of two or three hundred persons! So snug. No wonder Benoit (well played by M. DUFRICHE who, absolutely transformed, is "afterwards *Aleindoro*," a gay but stingy old fop) cannot get his rent for such a spacious apartment from this merry quartette, who seem to have been the Balzacian prototypes of the lively French students, who took such an interest in poor *Trilby*.

As *Rodolfo*, Signor ANSELMI sings and acts at his very best, in spite of the absurdity of the early nineteenth-century Quartier-Latin costume, in which they all look so supremely ridiculous, and yet, when all are struck mute in the presence of the dying heroine, so grotesquely affecting. *Telle est la vie de Bohème!* Excellent comedian, SCOTTI, as *Marcello*; droll Mons. GILIBERT, looking a perfect *mons* among the mole-hills, as *Schaunard*, and M. ISUARDON, *très bien grime* as *Colline*, all playing and singing in such style as leaves nothing to be desired, except that there were more of it with shorter waits between the acts, which are evidently being spun out to keep up the very latest traditions of the opera; for which reason also Madame MELBA has to go mad as *Lucia* after she has come to a sad, untimely, but tuneful end as *Mimi*. Another illusion destroyed! Better to commence at half-past eight, and to let us depart at eleven with sad echo of poor *Mimi*'s sweetest notes lingering in our ears. MELBA's is a clever performance of *Mimi* the grisette, a type now-a-days perhaps rarely met with, even in the Quartier Latin, and the coyness, gentleness, and innate modesty—for this is possible—of the uneducated girl, for whose station in life there is no precise English equivalent, are emphasised by Mme. MELBA with such tact as to bring these qualities into strong contrast with the dashing gaiety of the high-spirited, quick-tempered, inconstant constant *Musetta*, represented to the life, and sung to perfection by Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF. Her realistic picture of *Musetta* is a Franco-German work of great worth, in fact, a *Scheff d'œuvre*.

For the first time in their musical and dramatic character

Mr. STEDMAN'S choir of boys, when at the Fair, where all was gaiety and merriment, took their pleasures most sadly and solemnly. There was no life nor spirit in them. What was the matter? Had they been told that they were to suggest to the audience that it was the last hour of the holidays? Cheer up, my lads; or, as HENRY RUSSELL would have sung, "Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow!"

And with whom lies the responsibility for the operatic snow? In the third act, "Oh, what a fall was there!" Perhaps, were one to inquire "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*" the answer would be that the supply had not given out, and that in order to show there was plenty more where that came from, the Snow-man over the Borders let small flakes dribble away and fall through the roof—sadly needing repair—of the Artists' attie, where, in fourth act, poor *Mimi* passes gently away. Well, if it were true that one can't have too much of a good thing, then this surplusage of snow would never be *de trop* in any opera, say in the garden scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, or during *Don Giovanni*'s banquet. Advice to the Snow Producer—"Drop it"; but not in the manner it was dropped on this "lovely night in June."

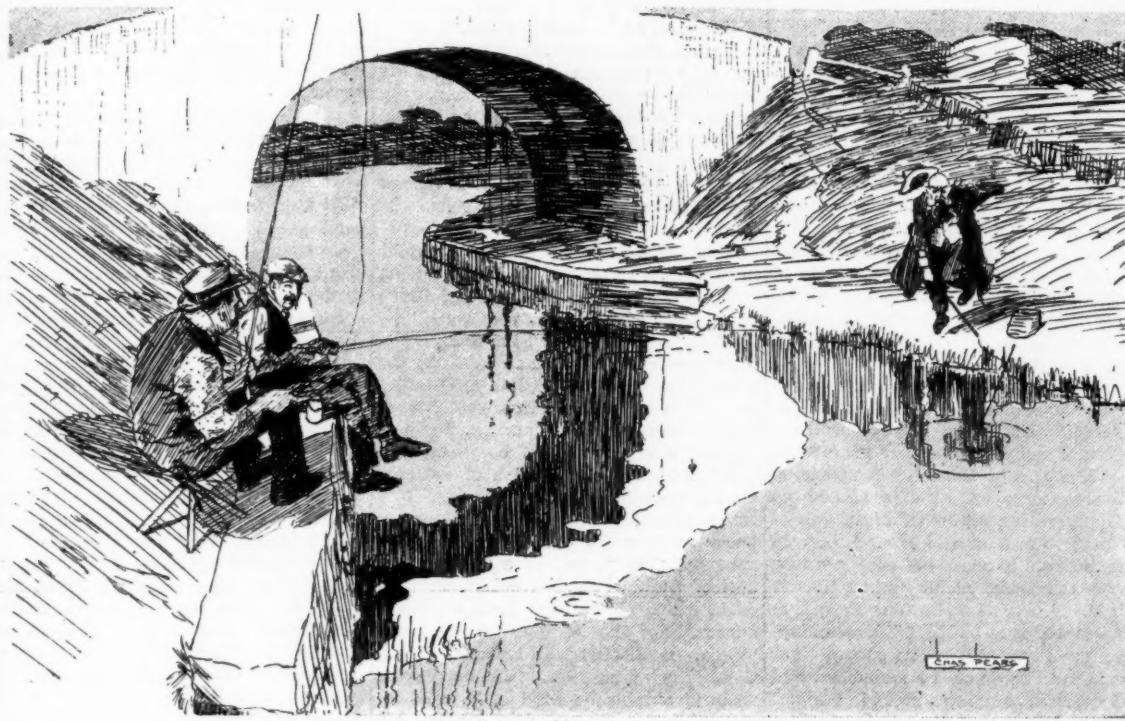
The calls before the curtain were hearty and numerous; not one singer among them whom the audience did not delight to honour, especially Queen MELBA, "more power to her elba!" But to "drop into verse" is not permitted, so *Au revoir* to fiddles and 'celli, Congratulations to MANCINELLI. I hope the omens seem to indicate Great success to the Opera Syndicate.

WALK UP! CLIMB UP!!

CLIMB up to the top to see and hear Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who is, as usual, "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—unless we reproach him with not having very many novelties to give us. He has introduced *The Magic Doll* into his programme, which is much the same sort of tricky show as was given in last year's Drury Lane pantomime. It is clever and amusing: but we prefer more of CHEVALIER. "Our Bazaar," "The Old Actor," and other favourites going strong, especially where the CHEVALIER appears as the Coster and sings "*Mafekin' Night*"; Mr. HARRY CARSDALE'S imitations of farm-iliar sounds in a farm-yard are inimitable, and, as a specimen of "turn and turn about," when the Lion Comique makes an ass of himself, the audience roar! It is altogether a capital entertainment, including "Phantasmagoria" excellently performed on an Erard Grand by the clever piano-forte executant Mr. A. H. WEST. But to what a height Mr. CHEVALIER's patrons have to go in order to reach the hall where he performs! If his friends in and out of the Press "give him a lift" now and then, why does not he return the compliment and give the public "a lift" to take 'em up and down in the twopenny-tube elevator style? As it is, the entertainment invariably commences with the old air, and very little wind to play it, "Such a-gettin' up stairs."

THANKS TO THE L. H. C.

THE Lord High Chancellor, at the banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund, took occasion to refer in terms of grave disapprobation to "The Fringe of the Press." His Lordship declared it was a pity that this fringe should always be trailing in the mud. Fringe is generally used for ornament; but, apparently, the fringe to which Lord HALSBURY referred is the reverse of ornamental and equally the reverse of anything useful. Surely, the remedy is to cut off the fringe. A lady adopts that action when an otherwise smart gown is so disfigured. The fabric of the Press should be treated on the lines accepted by the lady with the smart dress. Let the muddy fringe be cut off, or, if that cannot be done, let the fringe be prevented in the future from trailing in the gutter. Surely that is a duty fitting the responsibilities of gentlemen of the Press.



Robson. "DO YOU THINK FISHES CAN HEAR?"

Dobson. "I SHOULD HOPE NOT. LISTEN TO OLD SMITH—HE'S SMASHED HIS ROD!"

TEETH !

(To Mr. Punch.)

FORGIVE me, sir, if, under strong compulsion,
I lay my load of grief before your throne.
You are the source of ease to them that toil ;
Your words give comfort, and your smiles can smooth
The brows of those who dwell with black despair.
Wherefore, you ask, this pitiful appeal,
These sighs, these lamentations, and this woe ?
Wherefore these downeast looks that rob the day
Of brightness and make night more desolate ;
This gloomy gait, as of a mute who treads
The dismal ways that lead to Kensal Green ?
I'll tell you, sir, for you are one who knows
The sadness and the mystery of life ;
You can explain in words what others feel,
Others who stumble when they strive to speak,
And, speaking, make confusion more confused.
Well, sir, I have a babe like other babes,
A babe its mother deems a paragon,
The glass of beauty and the mould of wit.
To me, though much I love to watch its sports,
Its aimless, staggering rushes, and its falls,
Flat as the flattest pancake on the floor ;
To hear its shouts, its purple-visaged screams
Of shameless anger, passionate attempts
To be the tyrant of its nursery realm ;
To note its inarticulate endeavours
At dissyllabic oft-repeated words,
"Papa," "Mama," or "Nana," or "Tata"—

To me who own I am a Ruffian man
It is a babe, a plain thing, but mine own.
This infant, Sir, has TEETH (or is to have),
Teeth growing, as I judge, from head to foot,
Teeth scattered over all its dumpling frame,
Teeth heedless whence they come or where they sprout,
Teeth that can be the secret cause of all
The ills that ADAM brought on mortal men.
The babe falls down and howls, its nurse says "Teeth" ;
Its forehead shows a bruise, its hand a scar—
"Teeth," says its nurse, its mother echoes "Teeth."
Teeth are the reason for its silent moods,
Teeth make it babble, teeth produce the whim
That makes it pinch its sister, or refuse
To "say good-bye to Gran'ma" or to hail
With smiles of joy each self-created aunt.
Teeth cause it to denude its doll of hair,
To stamp upon the kitten and to be
Sleepless of nights or sleepy in the day.
Teeth, teeth and teeth ! the world is one huge tooth
That's always on the point of coming through,
Invisible, but sharp, and never comes.

R. C. L.

THE MOORISH MISSION.—"CIVIS BRITANNICUS" wishes to be informed whether the Moorish Mission—which seems to be a very dark affair, by the way—is to be presented with the freedom of the City by the LORD MAYOR. "If so," observes our gifted correspondent, "each one of the brown suite will in himself represent the original Christy Minstrel Troupe of 'BURGESS AND MOOR.'" He adds, "No Moor at present from yours—CIV. BRIT."

IN ANDALUSIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

R.M.S. Egypt, Bay of Biscay, Saturday.—“TOBY, dear boy,” said PRINCE ARTHUR on the eve of adjournment for Whitsun Recess, “ wish you’d do something for us. Here’s Whitsun holiday; made it as long as I could. Use it by running over to Gibraltar, and look into this affair of the defences. Yes, I know; but, between us, CAP’EN TOMMY BOWLES wasn’t quite the man to deal with the affair. He’s a genius; what we want is the opinion of a sound, practical, I won’t say stolid, person, free from flights of imagination. You’ll really do the State a service if you’ll undertake the job.”

Accordingly, here I am, steaming over placid pond defamed by usual associations connected with Bay of Biscay. Quite a number of acquaintances on board. As many Members of House of Commons as I’ve sometimes sat with in Committee of Supply voting millions. Item, two of the busiest men at the Bar. Seems to have occurred to a score of busy men that here is the model holiday when time is limited. Leave London on Thursday; arrive at Gibraltar on Monday; returning, leave for Plymouth on Tuesday; eight days at sea; or go on to Marseilles and back overland, staying a night in Paris.

Better still, if you can spare the time, see Ronda, Malaga, Granada, and Seville. This an alluring prospect for men of leisure and freedom from public cares. As for me, all my time will be taken up grubbing round Gibraltar, getting to the bottom of this difficulty about the defences.

Hotel Reina Christina, Algeciras, Monday.—“Algeciras is an ancient Moorish town,” writes GEORGE BORROW, visiting it sixty years ago. Town unaltered since his eye looked upon it. The same white houses, with flower-garlanded, iron-barred balconies, through which Juliet may look at Romeo and talk to him, which, indeed, she does every evening. Here is the river and its beautiful bridge; in front, the bay of Gibraltar wearing on its bosom the jewel of the Rock. At a stride (taken in a comfortable steamer) the visitor passes from British dominion and modern civilisation to old Spain that has learned nothing through the centuries, and doesn’t feel the need of learning.

Algeciras is in Spain, but the bold Briton has fastened his grip upon the place; has made a railway through apparently impossible passages in the mountains going northward to Grenada. Of late has built a hotel, the prettiest, most perfectly designed the travelled MEMBER FOR SARK has come across in his wanderings. In style, a happy combination of Moorish palace and English mansion. Long been a reproach east at Gibraltar

that its hotel accommodation does not tempt the wayfarer to sojourn long. Here, twenty minutes’ journey by steamer, is a gem of a residence, set in a climate amid scenery that rivals the choicest bits of the Riviera. Immediately opposite is the Rock, its aspect changing every moment under the varying shadows of the clouds; in the morning and evening bathed in the glory of the rising and the setting sun. Behind is a circle of the everlasting hills, the blue Mediterranean lapping the shore at its feet.

Ronda, Tuesday.—“Call me at half-past five,” I said to the polyglot factotum on going to bed last night at the Hotel Reina Christina. “Si, Signor, very well,” he replied. And he called me at five.

Train starts northward at 6.35. At the station the inevitable couple of Carabiners, who carry their ancient fowling-piece as if it were a babe in arms, insist upon opening every article of our baggage; understood to be in search of dutiable goods; exercise seems superfluous. Here we are in a Spanish town, bent on railway journey through a Spanish country, the area being subjected to equal customs duties. How, in these circumstances, we could evade or outrage them does not appear. Put the case before the Carabineer. He listens with flattering attention. When I conclude, fancying I have made favourable impression, he calls up the other Carabineer, who dangles his musket in the hollow of his arms, with the muzzle directed upon me. This arranged, his comrade goes through my portmanteau and other things.

Three hours and a-half run to Ronda; on the up-grade all the way; magnificent country, by mountain and river, through vineyards and olive groves. Nearing Ronda look back and see the Sierra Nevada flashing white teeth above the ranges of lower hills. Englishmen found the money for the marvellous engineering feat of making a railway through these pathless mountain tracks. English engineers built the line, and a Scotchman manages it. An unknown country for the great army of the British tourist. In freshness and beauty that sometimes rise to the height of grandeur, he would find it worth looking up. For miles beside the railway track runs the Guadiana. Sometimes a deep stream of blue water; sometimes spreading out over a stony bed; further on gathering up its strength to dash in foam over the rocks.

Ronda, 3,000 feet above the sea level, is not too hot even on this midsummer day. The Romans, who knew a fine site when they saw it, settled here. Over their amphitheatre the Spaniards built a bullring, now the oldest in the Kingdom. In a later century the Moors and the Spaniards, conqueror and conquered, dwelt together separated by a riven mountain. The cleft is 200 feet wide,

350 deep. At the bottom the river runs, working flour mills and the dynamos which flood the meanest quarter with electric light. At one side of the Taja the Moors dwelt, their houses standing to this day. On the other the Spaniards waited their opportunity.

“Odd,” says SARK, “how closely the Moor is connected with the history of Spain. Odder still that we had not the least great.” “What was his name?” “Sir JOHN MOORE. Corunna, you remember.”

Granada, Wednesday.—Wakened at sunrise by the nightingales singing in the garden of the Alhambra, as they sang when BOABDIL ruled in its spacious courts. A short night owing to cheerful habits of landlord’s family. Consists of two Demon-boys, their customs peculiar. A haggard-looking fellow-guest, who left by the earliest train this morning, tells me the night before last he was awakened at half-past eleven by trundling of cart down hill of narrow thoroughfare that faces sleeping rooms of hotel. It was in charge of the Demon-boys. Game was to drag cart to top of hill; one Demon got in; the other ran by its side; both shouting at top of voice of supernatural shrillness.

A gleam momentarily lightened the leaden life of the sleepless guest as he mentions a strange coincidence. The contents of a jug of water fell on the pathway just as the Demons halted under his window with intent to make another journey up the hill. After that there was silence.

To-night the Demons, having dried their clothes, broke out in fresh place. As omnibus starts to catch train at 6.30 a.m., guests go to bed early. Turned in at 10.0 last night tired with slowest railway journey, from Bobadilla to Granada, ever suffered by man. Fell asleep at once. Suddenly awakened by uproar outside; listened for the great bell in the Tower of the Alhambra that signals revolution. Granada, answering the signal from Seville, responding to mad ery of the men of Madrid, evidently on foot to turn out the King and slay somebody. Heard above the din, a shrill voice answered by another; dull sound of kicking and thumping; massacre evidently commenced; got out of bed; peered cautiously through windows opened wide to the summer night; beheld a strange sight.

The Demon-boys had organised a midnight football match; team composed of the domestic establishment. There was the cook, with white apron gleaming in the moonlight over portly paunch, kicking like anything. The head waiter, wildly waving a serviette, brushed imaginary flies off the football. Boots, with somebody’s shoe on his left hand, yelled at the top of his voice. The stable-men, the ‘bus-driver, our chamber-maid, an elderly female of morose countenance,

who sullenly made our beds five minutes before we got into them—they were all there. All shouting, all kicking, whether the football was in sight or not. As for the Demon-boys, they answered to each other as deep calls unto deep. Also they had a quite undue share of the football, which they kicked to each other over the heads of the crowd.

Happily that didn't matter, the cook just as pleased kicking at nothing as if his foot felt the exhilarating impact of the ball. Boots bellowed every time the ball was kicked. As for chambermaid, she thumped away at space as if smitten with remorse at the recollection that earlier in the evening she had forgotten to shake up beds made up of some mysterious compound of flock and remnants of old carpets.

It was an interesting sight, not lacking in excitement, but it was also a quarter of an hour past midnight, and majority of the guests were to be called at 5.30. Through the still night rose the voice of the cook, chanting :

Un maneo escribo una carta—(kick);
Un siego la está mirando—(thump);
Un mudo la está leyendo—(thump);
Y un sordo la está escuchando—(kick).

R.M.S. Peninsula, Tuesday.—Homeward bound ; Gibraltar fading in distance ; beautiful Algeciras out of sight. Suddenly horrible thought possesses me. Forgot all about my mission ! Meant to go thoroughly into question of Gibraltar defences. Entirely slipped my memory. All due to the horrors of my night at Granada. Spent the following day amid the marvels of the Alhambra ; drove about the Town ; visited the Cathedral ; stood in the vault, lighted by tallow dips, in which sleep FERDINAND and ISABELLA.

Pretty tired after a hot day, but could not face prospect of another night in company of the Demon-boys of Granada. Sure to have fresh entertainment on hand for the night. Rather journey southward through the silent stretches of corn and the green pastures, the olive groves, the vineyards, the orchards where grow the lemon, orange, pomegranate, fig and peach. They stretch illimitably under the moonlight, and the peace of midnight is infinite when I think of what is going on in the steep, narrow street before the hotel in the precincts of the Alhambra.

Shall come back again ; understand why the Spaniards always talk of Mañana. To-day is so beautiful in this sunlit land that we leave all burdens for To-morrow.

By the way, the MEMBER FOR SARK has got for me translation of the song the cook sang at the midnight football match. It runs like this :

A handless man a letter did write ;
A dumb dictated it word for word ;
The person who read it had lost his sight ;
And deaf was he who listened and heard.



THIS IS HOW IT CAME ABOUT, THAT GOSSIPSPREAD THE REPORT THAT YOUNG EDGAR (THE WITIEST AND BEST-NATURED FELLOW IN THE WORLD) WAS REJECTED BY MISS BERTRAM IN THE PARK LAST WEEK. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS THINKING OUT A FUNNY SONG IN A COMIC OPERA HE IS WRITING, AND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE YOUNG LADY BY SIGHT. AND SHE WAS RATHER ANNOYED AT BEING KEPT WAITING SO LONG BY A FRIEND.

DUCAL REFLECTIONS.

(Vide the Duke of Devonshire at Chesterfield.)

WHAT is the point of School Boards? Who Created them? and with what view? And what are they supposed to do? I wonder.

What good can they expect to bring By making little children sing? In short, why teach them anything? I wonder.

What useful cause can we advance By teaching them the tongue of France, To read, to write and even dance? I wonder.

Why build a swimming bath? What whim Could agitate the mind of him Who'd teach a boy or girl to swim? I wonder.

In Derbyshire! Would any clown Suppose that folk would ever drown In Chesterfield, an inland town? I wonder.

Why train the body? Wherefore store The infant mind with useless lore? And what is education for? I wonder.

And why, oh, why have I been sent To make these speeches? What was meant By making me Lord President? I wonder.

MAÎTRE LABORI.—In the absence of this distinguished advocate, on a visit to England, the French Bar must be reduced to almost "Nil sine Labori."



BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.

*Farmer. "PULL UP, YOU FOOL! THE MARE'S BOLTING!"
Motorist. "SO'S THE CAR!"*

THE BOOKIE AND THE NURSERYMAID.

[“What machinery have you to stop nurserymaids from putting a shilling on a race.”—*Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords.*]

THERE was a naughty bookie, who the odds at racing laid,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
The victim whom he spoiled the most she was a nurserymaid,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
And every hour day by day,
The wicked pair indulged in play,
To stop their game there was no way,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

JEMIMA, she the nursemaid was, who had a certain tip,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!
A rank outsider that was termed a “round-the-corner snip,”
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

Splitox the Tenth, that was the gee
That would pull in the £ s. d.,

And make JEMIMA rich and free,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

UDOLPHO BINKS the bookie was, who did the gambling job,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

And every hour in the day annexed JEMIMA’s bob,
Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

Ten thousand bobs to one he laid,
Unto that trusting nurserymaid,
And thought the lambkin he had flayed,

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

Now when Splitox upon the course the race to win did try,

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis,

He lost the race by just a head—JEMIMA, she would die!

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

She all her evil ways denied,

But 'ere the poison she had tried,

The winner was disqualified

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

UDOLPHO BINKS, the bookie, now sells matches in the Strand,

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

While JEMIMA’s wedded to the proudest noble in the land,

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

So she that bore a nursemaid’s shame

Is owner of a Norman name

And, what is more, a Primrose Dame!

Sing bravo! the merry, merry Marquis!

“WHEN THE MOUNTAIN WOULDN’T GO TO MAHOMET, &c.”—The Moorish Embassy is to visit the Houses of Parliament. This is as it should be, in June. The grouse-shooting Members of the House being unable to go to the Moors until August, this visit to the Commons is a delicate attention on the part of the Moors.

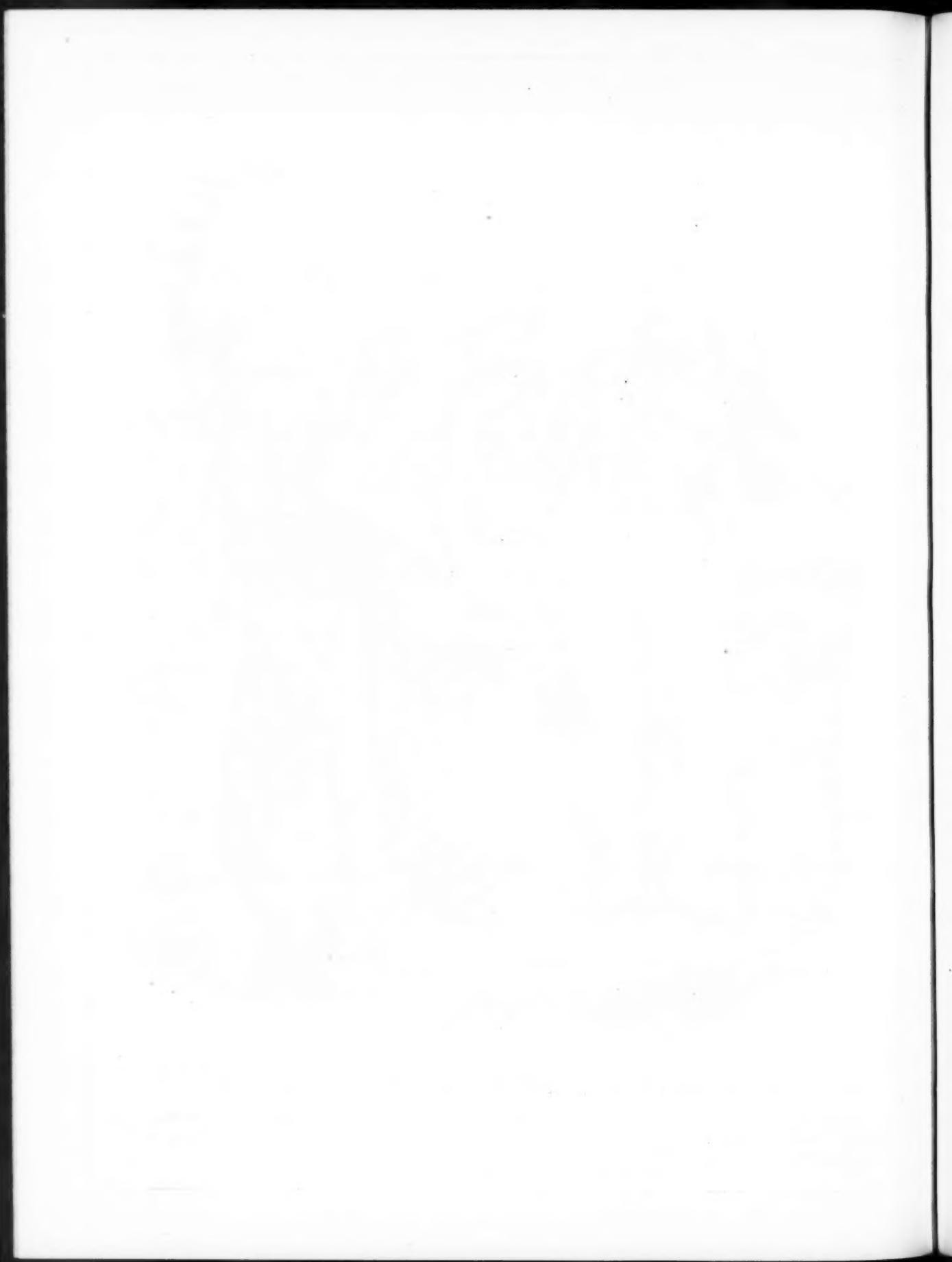
“TALKING about this Educational Question,” observed the Elder Miss JUMBLE, “will anyone kindly explain to me precisely the meaning of what I hear of as being so often quoted, I mean ‘The Cockatoo Decision?’”



WAR OFFICE HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

RIGHT HON. MR. BR-DR-CK (to CANADA). "IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT—ER—PROMISING—UM—OUTLOOK IN SOUTH AFRICA, I CAN NOW AFFORD TO REFER YOU TO OUR MINUTE OF OCTOBER, '90, TO THE EFFECT 'NO MOUNTED MEN NEED APPLY.'"

[The Government has declined Canada's offer of two thousand cavalry.]



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



ELEVENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now on the walls of the Gháláriz which are in
2. the Ákhád-Imeh (supposed by some authorities to be the temple of Át)
3.—on the *lífátan-saiyid*, as you go towards
4. the Sérkhusz,
5. Just beyond the Arkhéé where *sautah* and *phlaneh*
6. the *el-dáleh-ruéz* who study the *nekhtaitz* in *dhir-*
7. *habba-dashaz*
8. *et-setrah*, *et-setrah*—
9. did they gather the paintings turned out in a twelvemonth . . .
10. good, bad, and indifferent
11. stuck them up *hólüz-bhólüz*
12.—keeping all the good places for the *akhad-emishanz*,
13. — . . . and they all killed each other, their gilt was appalling
14. Then the *pablikh* all herded in droves
15. through the *terän-staflz*, poured in till the
16. *kortyád* was *chokh-phúl* of *bruämz*
17. not because they liked pictures,—for they wouldn't know
18. paintings by *Vandhaík*
19. from *tih-tréz*, they probably secretly
20. dote upon *khrómös*;
21. while as for *Velás-kuez*, *Phredü-órkah* or *Mhileh*
22. *they* might be described as
23. *phrá-gonár* to the general
24. — but because all their friends went.

25. They only liked those that they knew
26. in a moment, the men who did something exactly like
27. last year.
28. Now they liked *this*!
29. Oh! no! they had got the wrong number
30. misled by the marble!
31. . . . it looked at first sight
32. so like *dhir-alümat-ádemah*, — it seemed so well painted!
33. They wouldn't "mark" that; they'd go on to
34. the next one
35. gave themselves up
36. to a frenzy of laughter over *Sárgentaráh* . . .
37. rolled about and went chuckling off into
38. the suburbs at a portrait that's
39. destined to live through the ages
40. and be fetching big prices at *kristiz* or somewhere
41. long after their very desirable mansions
42. have become mere detritus;
43. when their banking-accounts, their investments
44. in consols
45. could not well be told from
46. *aláv-yaldep-ósitz*,
47. and they themselves pigeon-holed neatly
48. in cases, on shelves of museums
49. Marked "Fragments discovered at possibly human."

51. And, oh! wasn't this sweet, it must be
52. Mákhest-ön! Yes, look at the garden!
53. So tender and lonely; with a nice touch
54. of orange, — they always like orange;
55. and the tear, don't you see it
56. just below the left *ailidh*?
57. In a second or two it will
58. splash on the sundial
59. Phrankh-díkhsí! How regal! How stately!
60. And just look at the trimmings
61. and all that *pasmán-taríh*;
62. it would really take hours to do half
63. of it justice. . . . How nicely
64. he'd do our Maráiyah!
65. — a roundabout person, *plebíyan* and somewhat primeval in feature;
66. of generous habit — rather like a *tomáhtoh*
67. perched on the week's washing . —
68. so pleasant for *díkhsí*!
69. We must run in again, dear, to see *Ed-uinábeh*
70. and his *lédih-khrusédaz* enjoying
71. the sunset,—and don't they look startled,
72. and it's really no wonder, quite a novelty for them.
73. We all know the sun never does set
74. on the empire they came from. Yes, there's a nice *hansámm*.
75. Now we can say we've been there!

E. T. R.

IN GOOD COMPANY.

FOR his very light comedy at the Court Theatre, Mr. BRANDON THOMAS has not hit upon an attractive title in calling it *Women are so Serious*. Such a title may, perhaps, arouse curiosity, but the "perhaps" is a very big one. Not that M. PIERRE WOLFF was happily inspired in naming the original French piece (whence this is light-heartedly adapted) "*Celles qu'on Respecte*." But, thank goodness, there is scarcely a serious moment in this piece, which is acted for all it is worth, professing to be only a comedy of character. Were not the light and airy play kept going by the perfect acting of everyone concerned it would fall to the ground in the very first act; but, played as it is, with natural dialogue naturally given, it rattles on with such a pace that the audience, if never intensely interested, is from first to last kept thoroughly amused.

Miss ELLIS JEFFERIES as the vivacious *Mrs. Gunthorpe*, *varium et mutabile*, never lets action or dialogue flag. She pre-eminently is "one of the lives and souls" of the piece, and artistically contrasted with her is her husband, the stolid, chuckling *Algy Gunthorpe* of Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS, the bicyclist-maniae who gives up to the wheel the time he ought to pass with his wife, and whose habit of "pedalling," even when he is quietly seated in the drawing-room, would "get on the nerves" of anyone even less highly-strung than is the flighty *Mrs. Gunthorpe*. Of course, all this is exaggeration, but it is very funny, and, except the highly improbable "pedalling," the action is rarely overdone; wherein lies the cleverness of the performance.

As *Lady Waveley*, a quiet, worldly-wise, sly-pusslike character, rather difficult to place, Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS plays with considerable skill, but to the last leaves the audience, which pays its money and takes its choice, to decide whether she is rather partial to the male-flirt, *Harold Twyford*, and jealous of her married friend, *Mrs. Gunthorpe*, or whether she is only a coquette interfering in what doesn't concern her out of mere vanity and love of *intrigue*. It is not a colourless part, but it is a blend.

As *Cora*, the sharp, businesslike Red Cross nurse (not that she is either "Red" or "Cross," but this only applies to the costume with the badge), who, having been once temporarily taken in by the gallant and grateful *Harold* (whom she has nursed in hospital), finds out what his professions of love are worth, returns his presents, and throws him over, after having secured as her husband *Harold's* superior officer, Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER is excellent.

Mr. HERBERT STANDING, as *Major Daubeny*, whose part, indeed, mainly consists of "Standing on," gets a laugh for every utterance; he rarely has to say more than two or three words at a time, but every word tells. He speaks forcibly, abruptly, clearly, and to the point; which point he immediately makes, startling the audience into a short, sharp laugh that is the very echo of the character. He is so in earnest: it is delightful. A very clever bit of character acting.

The part of *Ripon*, the portly butler, is well rendered by Mr. W. H. QUINTON, as also is the small part of *Sopley*, the soldier-servant, by Mr. R. C. HERZ.

The fatuous, selfish, irresponsible, male-flirt, *Harold Twyford*, is made-up and played to perfection by Mr. FREDERICK KERR. *Harold Twyford* makes love to anyone at a moment's notice, for, like the "dogs" that "delight to bark and bite," and the "bears and lions" that "growl and fight," in the ancient nursery verse of Dr. WATTS, "it is his nature to." Matrimony he never contemplates; he is heartless, but the author lets him off scot free. It is true that, in an aside, he says he will have to leave the regiment because the Major has married *Cora*, who will now be "his commanding officer"; but does anyone believe for a moment that this prospect is in the least likely to trouble him after the first few hours? Truly,

'tis a play without a moral of any sort; it simply forewarns male-flirts, that if they cannot refrain from making love to every pretty woman they meet, it is as well not to observe precisely the same form of address to each lady who may encourage their attentions. *Harold* is still flirting as the curtain descends, nor does one feel that the sudden reconciliation of *Algy Gunthorpe* and his wife is likely to be lasting.

Though, on the whole, the play does little more than suggest material for dramatic development, yet, so far as it goes, every act is highly amusing, and of the three the second is the best, going admirably without a single pause for reflection, and eliciting from the audience a genuinely hearty call at the fall of the curtain. *Prosit!*

By the way, the comedy, which doesn't commence till nine, is preceded at 8.15 by a performance of *The Musketeer Concert Party*, which we advise those inclined to patronise "masked minstrels" and part-singing with comic interludes on no account to miss. Their only mistake is in having a piano on the stage; it is quite out of the picture and damages the effect. There is a piano in the orchestra, why not use that? Musketeers would have done better with mandolines or guitars; but, as they sing quite up-to-date songs, why not insert "Modern" before "Musketeers" in the descriptive title?

FEMININE FASHION; OR, GIRLS ARE NOW IN SEASON.

[It is cheering to learn from a society correspondent that 'girls are to be fashionable this year.' Last year was distinctly a matrons' season.]

St. James's Gazette.

OH, MABEL, dear MABEL, for years I have waited
My passionate love to declare.

At times I believed that to part we were fated

By fashion—forgive my despair!

Oh, the dread apprehension that you might succumb,
Out of spite, to some fashionless peer,
While I by this social decree was held dumb—
Girls are not the fashion this year!

If you knew half the torture I had to go through
In attempting my passion to smother,

When, instead of my paying attention to you,

I had to make love to your mother.

But you in my heart, dear, none else could supplant.

I poured out the wealth of my passion

In a violent outburst of love to your aunt—

Because girls were not then in fashion.

Can't you guess how I sighed for a glance from your eyes

As I punted your aunt up the stream?

And enlarged on the beauty of water and skies;

She is deaf—which obliged me to scream.

I'm afraid the excursion was painfully slow,

It presently came on to rain.

How I longed for the time when the matron would go,
And girls come in fashion again!

And I felt that perhaps you might not understand

How disinterested were my intentions,

When I, roguishly pressing your grandmamma's hand,

Complimented her on her dimensions.

I hope you'll allow 'twas an excellent cause

When you're fully aware of the reason;

I flirted with grandmamma, MABEL, because

Last year chaperons were in season.

But now, dearest MABEL, by Fashion's decree

The matron's a thing of the past.

I need not run after your mother, so we

Can love one another at last.

For girls are the fashion this year, so I'm able

To open my floodgates of passion.

How delightful to make violent love to you, MABEL,

And know I am strictly in fashion!



De Singhe. "She was the ugliest woman I ever met—er—er—er—PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF COURSE!"

C. E. Brock
1901

"FROM FRYING-PAN TO FIRE."

(Suggestion for a Civil and Military Farce.)

SCENE—The Reconstructed War Department. TIME—A year or two hence. Civilian Official discovered poring over a mass of miscellaneous Reports. To him enter Military Official.

Military Official (lightly). Ah, you have a jolly lot of our mems, there, eh?

Civilian Official. Yes. It's a little difficult to enter them up—they seem to have so many ramifications. (*Resignedly*) But it is one part of our duty to keep records. Work allotted to us by the Report.

Mil. Off. Quite so. New regulation. We soldiers get into mudholes, and you civilians put them down. Splendid division of labour!

Civ. Off. (taking up his pen). Yes; and as I have a lot to do, unless—

Mil. Off. Wouldn't disturb you for worlds, my dear fellow; but I'm afraid I must just ask you officially to be so kind as to lend a helping hand.

Civ. Off. (coming to attention). Oh, certainly.

Mil. Off. Well, you see things are not working quite smoothly. Most of our chiefs, frankly, are not up to much.

Civ. Off. It is not the business of a civilian to make remarks, but it was thought possible when the Report was issued, that when Pall Mall became a bar to service on the field, the best men might fight shy of accepting appointments at the War Office.

Mil. Off. Of course! Why, do you think I would have come here if I hadn't lost both my arms and one of my legs? Well, I fancy that most of us are a bit off colour.

Civ. Off. (with intention.) You said you wanted to speak to me officially.

Mil. Off. To be sure. Well, to tell the truth we have made rather a mess of a whole heap of commissariat contracts, and I don't think we have done quite the right thing about arranging the transports, and there's a good deal of complaint about the barrack buildings, and—

Civ. Off. (who has been taking hurried notes). Stop, stop! I must really have full particulars.

Mil. Off. (airily). Shall in good time, my dear fellow; all in good time. But now we have got rid of all the civilian clerks we soldier fellows find it a bit hard to keep ahead of our work.

Civ. Off. (with a glance at his arrears). But when I have full particulars, what do you want me to do?

Mil. Off. Why, to perform the function allotted to you by the Report—to explain matters to Parliament.

Civ. Off. (grimly). I will undertake that duty with the greatest pleasure.

(Curtain.)

TO TRIPTOLEMUS.

[“Triptolemus was inspired by the goddess Demeter with the idea of extending the growth of corn all over Greece. In order to enable him to travel rapidly from place to place, she provided him with a single wheel, across which he used to stride. Hence Hyginus declares him to have been the one qui primus hominum una rota dicitur unus ne cursum moraretur.”—*Westminster Gazette.*]

HAIL! foremost pioneer
Of the myriad cyclist race!
At length, at length appear
In thy duly honoured place
As our blessed patron saint, as thou
shouldst be,
Who taught us first to feel
The joy of whirling wheel,
'Mid the glint of flashing steel—
Hail to thee!

Blest was the day that saw thy birth
And blest the land that gave thee us,
O son of Ocean and of Earth,
Triptolemus!

By thee the golden wheat was sown,
By thee was garnered first the corn;
No harvests made the waggons groan
Ere thou wast born.

The famished nations cried to thee
To stave their hunger: “Give, oh,
give

Thy blessings unto us that we
May learn to live!”

Thus cried the people hour by hour,
And thou didst hear their dying call,
Yet hadst not thou the magic power
To visit all.

Then from Olympus bright
A radiant vision fled
Swift through the stilly night,
And stood beside thy bed;
A goddess fair with a garland rare
Of yellow corn in her golden hair,
And whispered in mine ear—
Divinest Demeter.

Up with a nimble leap
Or ever it was day
Thou sprangest from thy sleep,
Her bidding to obey;
And anvil rang and the spark upsprang
As the hammer fell with its ceaseless clang,

And ere the set of sun
The Goddess' will was done!

Behold thee flying swift
As zephyr through the air,
And lavishing thy gift
Of plenty everywhere!
Thou wast the first that ever burst
A tyre upon a flint accurst;

Then hear the hymns that rise from us,

O patron-saint, Triptolemus!

VOLTING AMBITION.—A horticulturist has been accused of stealing electricity wherewithal to grow radishes. We shall next hear of poets purloining WATTS in order to perpetrate hymns.

IN WESTERN GARB.

[“In placing the control . . . again in Chinese hands, Count von WALDERSEE advised LI HUNG CHANG that China should be brought more into line with Western customs and Western ideas.”—*Daily Press.*]

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR sailed his own junk at the festival of Yot-Ting. Honours seemed likely to rest with the Mandarin LI-TUN's junk, but a hint, conveyed to him through the speaking-trumpet, that unless he gave way and allowed the Imperial vessel to win, he, the Mandarin, might get himself disliked, materially contributed to the Son of Heaven's easy victory.

At the conclusion of the junk races, the EMPEROR came ashore and indulged in turns on the Steam Roundabout until he fell off. The proprietor, overcome by His Majesty's condescension, asked him for payment—two taels—and immediately lost his own head in consequence.

The Derby was, of course, won by H.I. Majesty's twenty-year-old but peerless steed *Wot-ak-Krock* which took the stakes, though some misguided spectators affirmed—but in very low tones, however—that the noble beast finished tenth. There was a good race for second prize, though it was afterwards found that this would not be given, as, in order to save all squabbling in the matter, the Clerk of the Course, Ho-KUS, had already annexed the prize-money himself.

The likin on the rivers has been raised five per cent., and though the waterside populations are greatly dislikin this small change, the collectors are taking as much of it—i.e. the small change—as they can raise.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the TAO-TAI WOO-ING, of 115, Peiho Place, Pekin, and NI-SEE IKUL SING, of 24, Dragon Street, Chusan. This is no *mariage de convenance*, but a true union of Pekin and Chusan.

Agreeably to the latest Western notions, the new drama at the Imperial Theatre has now been “cut” so as to play in something under a fortnight instead of five weeks, as originally intended.

Professor SINGAN-MAI-KEE-NOYS has been appointed President of the Academy of Music at Lung Tung—a most popular selection. Chinese music can justly boast that a little of it goes farther than any other music in the whole of the civilised world. Most of those who hear it will also go farther, as far as ever they can get, as a rule, when the first sounds are emitted.

The Stock markets are all dull, with the exception of a rumoured “corner” in Puppy-dog Prefs., which have risen a tael. Foreign Devils Stocks are steady, with a firm undertone. Birds'-nest Soup Debentures fell $\frac{1}{2}$. Pekin Main Drainage is off colour and stagnant. All the leading operators refuse to touch it. Palanquin Ordinaries were carried over at the usual rates.

TO BRIDGE.

[“If, as there is reason to believe, bridge makes for the abolition of the drawing-room ballad and the drawing-room ballad-monger, let us return thanks for a crowning mercy.”—*Morning Post*, May 29.]

SWEET pastime of the upper ten!

And of the under now and then,

For I myself politely

Pay tribute to thee nightly,

And sacrifice my two or three
Pounds sterling in pursuing thee.

Like tricksy miss or wayward Fame
Thou treat’st me, fashionable game;

But still I don’t complain,

I merely deal again,

Select a suit, or no trump choose,
And cheerfully prepare to lose.

Yet, in despite of fate adverse
Thee, Bridge, I rather bless than curse,

And on thy alter fling

My hard-earned cash, and sing
Thy virtues in Horatian verse;
Sweet emptier of my slender purse!

For that thou hast to limbo sent
That awful social ornament

The drawing-room ballad-monger,

We hear his cry no longer;

His throaty phrase and lavish trill
No more our ears with pain shall fill.

No more the after-dinner song
Shall torture a forbearing throng,

Or zealous parlour trickster

Administer his mixture

Of vocal discord without end
To bore, to torment and offend.

That’s why, regenerating game,
To a long list I place my name

Of those who hold thee dear,

And that thou art I swear.

Yet all to thee I’d gladly pay
To keep the drawing-room song at bay.

“U.S.—US.”

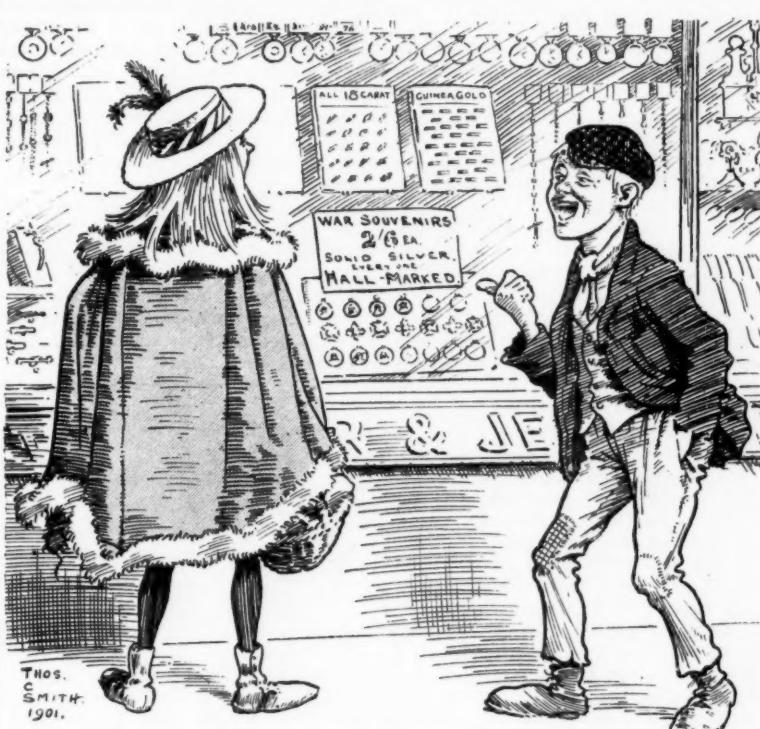
Now that Great Britain in general, and London in particular, is becoming rapidly Yankeeified, we hasten to apprise our readers of the following political and social developments:—

On June 12, a Tammany meeting for the appointment of ward bosses and captains will be held in the Guildhall to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

During the sitting of Congress at Westminster, the Stars and Stripes will be displayed at the Victoria Tower.

In the event of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN securing the plurality of votes of the British Electoral College on the Republican ticket, it is expected that Senators Salisbury, Balfour, and Chamberlain will retain their portfolios; but if the Democratic and Free Silver platform wins, we shall have a Cabinet of Holloway Hoboes and Battersea toughs.

The National Hymn, “*My Country, 'tis*



THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

Small Boy. “LOOK ‘ERE, MAWRD! I RECKON THE CHAP AS KEEPS THIS SHOP AIN’T BIN TO SCHOOL LATELY; ‘E SPELLS ‘ALL’ WITH A HAITCH!”

of thee,” is now sung at the close of work in every school throughout the ex-kingdom.

The FROHMAN-LEDERER Dramatic Trust has lately acquired the whole of the West-End theaters and roof-gardens, where in future only American talent will be employed, with the exception of Histrions IRVING and TREE, who are engaged to do a cake-walk in a rag-time vaudeville at KOSTER and BIAL’S on Piccadilly.

The L-railroad running from East 23rd Street to Westminster Abbey has caught on terribly, the fare being only two cents all the way, while for a quarter one can be jerked round London in the vestibule-cars of the regenerated Underground. Folk who formerly traveled any to the City will rejoice at the extinction of hansom and ‘buses. If you want to go a block or two, there is the moving sidewalk, with the motor track down the center of the Strand.

The new County abbreviations are quite popular. It is so much smarter to write Ke., Sy., Che., Shro., Wi., Du., and so on, that we wonder how the old-time addresses were tolerated.

Nothing could well be chickier than the shirt-waists now worn by the Summer Girls at Church Parade. We hear that

the Park Lane Four Hundred have taken to bathing in the Serpentine to the exclusion of the disgusted dead-beat.

All Suburbia has gone mad over the Flip-flap Railway at Earl’s Court, where the Coney Island dude nightly turns a cart-wheel in company with his best Bowery girl.

On and after Thursday next the *Times* will appear as a One-Cent Yellow Journal, with an illustrated Sunday Edition.

We like the new double-decked stern-wheel ferry-boats that have just debuted on the Thames, which is now a business-like river at last, with its fringe of 30-story sky-scrappers, grain-elevators and aerial gangways in place of the obsolete bridges.

The baggage-check system is working well on all the lines, though there are complaints of the Customs regulations at the ports of entry.

Free-lunches are to be obtained at all the stores and notion counters on Regent Street, and “English breakfast tea” can be had at any Bond St. temperance joint. The Embankment will shortly be converted into a row of dives and dime-museums.

We give, with no reserve, the menu at the TENNIEL Banquet:—rockaways, clams, blue-fish, terrapin, canvas-back duck, eantelope on ice, pop-corn, ice-cream soda and Huggins punch.

A TALE OF A CAT.

It is quite certain that LAVINIA would never have offered to take charge of *Tibby*, the black cat, if she had not had "expectations" from her Aunt JANE, whose property the animal was. And even had LAVINIA been willing, her husband, Mr. STUBBS, would decidedly have objected.

He hated all animals, eats more particularly, but LAVINIA's aunt was comfortably off, and it was as well to keep in with her, in view of contingencies.

So when she went over to Paris for a few days—she did this once every year—LAVINIA had offered to provide a kind home for *Tibby* during her absence; for the old lady did not like to leave her pet to the tender mercies of a rather flighty domestic servant.

But *Tibby* did not take at all kindly to his new quarters. Perhaps the brand of catsmeat was not one that he cared about; perhaps he did not relish being first trodden on and then kicked by Mr. STUBBS. Anyway, on the morning following his arrival, he was nowhere to be found.

Here was a pretty state of affairs! LAVINIA was frantic; Mr. STUBBS greatly upset, and full of strange oaths. Both recognised that it was a serious matter for them, and might entail the estrangement of Aunt JANE and the final disappointment of their hopes.

What was to be done?

Enquiries were made at all the neighbouring houses—after their own had been searched from cellar to garret—and notices of the loss, with offers of pecuniary reward for the recovery of the animal, were posted on the front gate. All in vain. Not a sign was there of the missing *Tibby*.

They thought it best not to write and tell Aunt JANE of the misfortune that had befallen. It could only upset her, declared Mr. STUBBS, sympathetically; besides, the animal might turn up before she returned—or—

Mr. STUBBS had an idea!

"Why not?" he said to his wife. "All cats are much alike—it's only a matter of colour. *Tibby* was all black—"

"With a white spot on the chest," put in LAVINIA.

"Quite so—but there are heaps of cats answering to that description. I'll go to the Dials to-day, and see if I can't get one like it. The old woman'll never know the difference."

LAVINIA, though not so confident of the

success of the trick as her husband, could yet see no other course open. She simply dared not, she declared, inform her aunt of the true state of affairs. It would be best, no doubt, to obtain a cat as like *Tibby* as possible and keep it in reserve, to produce should the real animal not turn up by the time of the old lady's return.

This was fixed for two days later.

Before that time Mr. STUBBS had contrived to obtain a pussy that, in appearance at least, was the very double of the missing *Tibby*. Unfortunately it was of a different sex and not so amiable, but these were details which, it was hoped, Aunt JANE would not notice.

better write to her, and don't forget to say the cat is nice and comfortable."

LAVINIA did so. And as regards the cat, she spoke in glowing terms, both of its own charms, and of the tender care it had met with at the hands of her husband and herself. She concluded by expressing a hope that her dear aunt would come and fetch it soon—not that she wanted to be rid of it, of course, or let her save trouble by bringing it to the old lady's residence.

In reply, Aunt JANE wrote a letter which caused LAVINIA to shed tears for a week, and Mr. STUBBS to use the most dreadful language, besides kicking the new cat out of its comfortable basket into the street, to its great astonishment and indignation.

Aunt JANE had been surprised, she said, after her niece's promises to take care of her pet, to find poor *Tibby* at her house, when she arrived home, with not a drop of milk in his basin—for which she had given her maid notice—and otherwise vilely tended. But she had been even more surprised at her niece's attempt to deceive her by palming off another cat as her one and only *Tibby*. That was quite unpardonable, and Aunt JANE could only surmise where LAVINIA would go to ultimately for being guilty of such appalling mendacity.

The "expectations," as Mr. and Mrs. STUBBS dejectedly realised, were "off."

That wretched *Tibby*, following an instinct which Mr. STUBBS now recollects—too late—is common in cats, had quietly returned home without the formality of bidding goodbye to its host and hostess, and, after travelling the thirty miles or so between the two residences, had arrived looking very muddy and disreputable.

And it is now generally thought that Aunt JANE's money will go, either to her other niece, LAVINIA's cousin, or to the Cats' Home, or to both in equal shares.

W. S., JUN.

NOT SO BAD AS VOLODYOVSKI.

Lady (*to applicant for Nursemaid's place*). What is your name?

Applicant. HERMYNTRUDE, mum.

Lady. Good Heavens! That would never do. Can't you think of something shorter?

Applicant (*after a pause*). Well, mum, my young man allus calls me CARROTS.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A RECKLESS JOCKEY IN THE OAKS.—A filly-buster.



THE SHORTEST STUMP SPEECH ON RECORD.

"We'll say it has got peevish through separation from her," said Mr. STUBBS, jocularly. He, at any rate, felt convinced that the old lady would be deceived. Needless to say the greatest care was taken of the new cat, which was ensconced in a comfortable basket on a soft mat, with a piece of cerise ribbon round its fury neck.

Aunt JANE's plan was to return to her home on leaving Paris, and call on her niece for the cat on the following day.

Some little disappointment, therefore, or perhaps some little astonishment merely, was felt when that day passed without a sign of her or a word from her.

"I wonder what she's playing at!" said Mr. STUBBS to his spouse. "You'd